

OLE BULL'S CONCERT.

Our citizens will have it in their power to witness to-night the wonderful and incomparable powers of OLE BULL over cat-gut. It is not necessary that we should urge them to make good use of the opportunity. OLE BULL will, in all probability, never again visit Nashville, and certainly not in a professional capacity. Now is the time to see him, and laugh and weep at his melody.

OLE BULL's object in giving these concerts is very laudable and philanthropic. Their entire proceeds are to be devoted to the cause of education and morality in the colony which his enterprise and humanity have founded in Pennsylvania. Wherever he has been he has received the most liberal encouragement in this praiseworthy undertaking. We cannot doubt that in Nashville, too, his philanthropic feelings will be responded to in a generous manner. Of one thing our people may be satisfied. The money they may give, through him, to the cause of education, will be expended here, and not exported to foreign shores.

The *New Orleans Delta*, in a very able criticism on OLE BULL's Concert in New Orleans, thus notices the different performers:

The Concert was opened by STRAKOSCH with a fantasia from Lucia, of which the execution was marked by the extreme agility, neatness, expression and taste which distinguish this delightful pianist. Soon after leaving the stage, STRAKOSCH reappeared leading by the hand a little girl of almost infantile years and form, with a dark, but expressive physiognomy, and a pair of very animated black eyes. This was ADELIXE PATTL, and the moment she uttered a note, the audience were satisfied that her vocal capabilities had not been exaggerated. Imagine a child nine years of age, warbling the intricate, florid and ornamental music of one of Donizetti's most difficult cavatinas—and executing it not merely with tame correctness, but with a precision, a power, a richness of sound, a boundless flexibility, and a degree of spirit and soul not unworthy of the most finished and renowned prima donna. This child is indeed wonderfully gifted. Her voice is a pure soprano, of delicious quality, true, rich, equal, firm, of vast compass, and apparently under perfect control. Nothing can be more exquisite than this instrument—art alone is needed to render it absolutely unsurpassed, and when age shall have deepened its volume and augmented its sonority, its possessor will be endowed with the most glorious voice that God ever gave to woman. * * *

Of OLE BULL we can say little that would not seem less than his just meed. Since we last heard him, he appears to have attained even a greater mastery than before over his violin. Difficulties are his delight—and those prodigious obstacles which baffle the fingers of the most celebrated performers, are to him mere holiday sport and diversion. Under his nimble and plastic execution, the violin is made an universal instrument. He provokes from its chords sounds such as no previous calculation could have anticipated from them. His performance in sparkling brilliancy, in capricious melody, in broad and majestic harmony, in never ending mutations of sound, in wild originality of conception and in absolute perfection of mechanical skill, are probably unequalled. Nothing, for instance, can be more stupendous than the *Witches' Dance*—with its double harmonies, its imitation of half a dozen instruments, its trills, its singular cadences, its profusion of complex ornament; as a piece of execution it is positively marvellous—as a composition, it disappointed us. * * * *

As this is the last time OLE BULL will ever visit Nashville as a performer, we trust he will favor us with more than one concert before he leaves.